

UNATTAINED.

When Pan's Symples changed her form
To a good by river's brink,
Straight he out that road and blew
Sounds of love to him,
For he knew the music true
Was the soul of her dear shade,
Rise by hour he wooed her well,
That she might not wholly fade.

Keep the road against his lips,
And so held her spirit near,
If perchance by some strange spell,
She repentant snapper,
Still he calls upon her name,
Counting not his vision gone,
But he may not bring to life
And her, living, look upon.

Yet he hopes to and so sings,
Here and there by temple tossed,
What the heart with love pursues
Never can be wholly lost,
Do it cannot while we hope,
Through a shy, elusive gleam,
He must hunt the sunny heights
Near the valleys where we dream.

—Chicago Record.

A BIT OF NEWS.

"Write for The Times! Do you imagine you want to college for that? You can't write."

"Have you ever given me the chance?"

"No. But I know you couldn't. I dare say you've been counting on doing this, eh?" The younger man bowed.

"And have been lying in a stock of flowing rhetoric and fine spun theories," the elder continued. "Humph! The Times wouldn't pay in a month's time if we fed the public on stuff of that sort. What it wants is food of another kind."

"What's to prevent my providing it as well as the other writers on the staff? Is my college education to be a drawback to me? If it is?"

The sentence was left unfinished, and the elder man silently returned to his work of glancing over some copy spread on the desk before him. When he had finished the last page, he turned to the first and wrote "m. g." across the top.

"What does that mean?" George Stanton inquired.

"Those letters stand for 'must go.'"

"Then whatever bears them goes?"

His uncle surveyed him with a grim smile lighting his face.

"It's apt to," he said dryly.

"Then anything I might write would be printed, regardless of its merit, if you so marked it?"

"Certainly. But you must remember that an uncle indulgent to faults and the proprietor of this paper—a successful business enterprise—are two distinct personalities."

"Which you bear. I understand. But surely literary merit cuts some figure?"

"Um—if the name of the writer who possesses it is well known, it does."

"Not otherwise?"

The elder man shook his head emphatically. "I've no use for 'em."

"Why, that makes out the newspaper of today a money-making machine of the lowest order," George Stanton exclaimed indignantly. "The brains of the concern are subservient to the business office."

"Exactly."

There was a pause, during which the younger man tipped back his chair against the wall and gazed abstractedly at the ceiling. At length he brought the legs of the chair to the floor with emphasis.

"I still maintain that it isn't fair that I shouldn't be given a trial," he remarked.

"I suppose you've got a batch of manuscripts all ready to fire at me."

The nephew's face flushed. "I thought so. Well, I don't want 'em. Now, see here. What this paper wants isn't rhetoric, it isn't eloquence, it isn't philosophy, it isn't literary merit, as you call it. It's just life—plain, everyday life. I wouldn't publish the most beautiful flight of fancy that was ever written. I've no use for that sort. But life—things near, local, personal—give me those. If you keep your eyes and ears open, you'll find more tragedy in one block of San Francisco than in the whole of Shakespeare."

"Then you give me the chance?"

Frederick Stanton hesitated. "It's open to you the same as it is to all," he replied indifferently. "You would be paid for space work at our regular rates, providing we accepted it. Mind you, I don't say I'll take what you write."

"But if it suits you'll 'm. g.' it?"

"If it suits," the other repeated a little sarcastically, with a movement which closed the interview.

A week later the young man again presented himself in his uncle's private office.

"I've followed your advice, Uncle Fred, and taken life for my subject. He threw himself into a chair and gave a twist to his head in the direction of the inner door. It was slightly ajar, and he rose and shut it before he resumed.

"You see, what you said about the tragedies of life, and of course I inferred that you meant the comedies as well, being right under our noses, as it were, set me to thinking. Meantime I have found out the true meaning of your mystic letters. Whatever bears them must go in the columns of the next issue, regardless of time, space or other consideration. They are so potent as to require no explanation, no suggestion from the molders of public opinion who preside in the editorial den. Whatever an editor may receive from a proprietor initialed 'm. g.' will be printed, even if it be the death warrant of the entire staff."

"Is this a lecture on the depravity of the press in general, or my own paper in particular?"

"Neither. It is to let you know that I have been further enlightened since we last discussed this subject. I now understand what exists as a mighty factor in the management of a newspaper, and I want you to put it on the top of that."

"I told you that if you wrote anything fit to set up type for it would be judged impartially and paid for at the regular rates."

"Is isn't the pay so much," George Stanton replied contemptuously.

"Want to see yourself in print, I suppose. Well, let's see what you've produced."

He took up the sheets before him and began to read them. When he had finished, he turned to his nephew in surprise. His eye beamed with the delight begotten of "scorps."

"Well, my boy, that's a corker!" he said heartily. "Where did you get it?"

"Listened and heard some old gossip tell it, as you told me to do. All I know is that it's the escape of a woman high in 'local social circles,' just as I've said."

"Escaped?" his uncle repeated. "I should call it pretty near being a crime. She goes to a midnight supper during her husband's absence from town, and after conducting herself in a scandalous manner there she escapes when threatened with discovery by personating Mrs. E—, a prominent woman of well known rapid proclivities, has the supper charged to her account, and—um—she goes a little too far for safety in that escapade."

"Of course I had to exaggerate it a trifle—touch up the high lights, you know."

"And darken the shadows. Well, that's what we want, and you've hit it the first time. Only, if we could give the name of the woman who did it or those of her relatives, it would be stronger. Don't know it, eh?"

"No."

"Well, the name of the woman she personated is enough for one scoop, and we've got that. Perhaps others may know it, and it'll set 'em to talking."

He took up his blue pencil and wrote "m. g." at the top of the page. "Perhaps you'll make a newspaper man, after all, in spite of your college education. Who knows?"

George Stanton seized the manuscript and hurried on with it to the editorial den, where he deposited it gleefully upon the top of a pile of papers on the editor's desk. After that, dinner, the theater, snapper, followed in succession, and at midnight he tried to possess himself with patience to await the arrival of the paper which would contain his maiden effort in journalism.

An overwhelming disappointment awaited him, for when he unfolded the sheet not a line of his production could he find. After searching several times through the 16 pages of the paper the conviction was forced upon him it had been omitted.

He hastened to his uncle's office, for, although it was Sunday morning, he knew he should find him there.

"My article has been omitted," he announced.

His uncle surveyed the crestfallen countenance before him.

"Omitted? I haven't had time to glance at the paper yet—there's so much of it, but it can't be possible."

"It is though. Here's the paper. Look for yourself."

The proprietor glanced hastily over the sheet.

"I never knew Bacon to do such a thing before in all the 17 years he's been on the paper."

"Where is he?"

"Home, I suppose. I haven't seen him. Ring up the porter and find out."

The man reported that Mr. Bacon had been in his office all night, "walking up and down, sor, strange-like. I asked him for any one after him, but he said 'No,' kinder absentminded-like, and went on walking up and down."

Frederick Stanton dismissed the man. His words had deepened the mystery.

"I can't understand this at all. Come, George, we will find out what it means."

At the door of the editorial office a haggard face confronted them. Mr. Bacon silently ushered in his visitors and closed the door.

"I sent you some stuff last night, Bacon," said Frederick Stanton, "and I've come to hear your explanation—if you can give one—as to why you kept it back."

The man addressed began to pace the room nervously.

"It was about—a woman," he said finally.

"Well, what of it?" demanded his superior. "Her name wasn't mentioned, though it ought to have been, and if it had been is that any reason why you should scruple to publish what I send in? You've never hesitated before over such a trifle as a woman's reputation."

There was an ominous pause.

"We may as well understand one another first as last," the speaker continued. "It will never do for an editor to doubt the policy of an owner. You would be asking my reasons next. If you are to presume to dictate to me, we may as well sever our connection at once."

The man addressed staggered slightly. His face paled, and a hunted look came into his eyes.

"It was only a woman's reputation that was at stake," he said quietly, "but the woman was—my wife!"

John How Bargate in Argonaut.

A Peculiar Fish.

"There is a species of fish in the Indian ocean which have a very remarkable peculiarity," said Thomas G. Talbot, a Philadelphia naturalist. "This fish is provided with a short snout, which it uses very much as a sportsman uses a gun. Swimming close beneath the surface of the water, it watches the flies flitting about directly overhead, and having selected one to its fancy suddenly thrusts its head out of the water and with unerring marksmanship discharges several drops of water at its victim. Confused, and with its wings drenched and rendered temporarily useless by the watery projectiles, the insect drops to the surface of the water, where it is immediately gobbled up by its voracious enemy. These fish are said to be able to bring down a fly in this manner from the height of two or three feet."

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



Clifford Blackman
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of the Provisional Government,

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a series of pages to the

officers and privates of the

National Guard and Citizens' Guard. Some thirty or forty

names have already been sent

in and we shall be grateful if

any member desiring to appear

will send word to Mr. Wellesley Parker care of this

office when he will immediately call and furnish full

General Advertisements.

National Cane Shredder

PATENTED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

The attention of Planters and Agents is called to the following letter from Mr. JOHN A. SCOTT, Manager of the Hilo Sugar Co., regarding the working of the National Cane Shredder, which he has just introduced into the Mill of that Company:

WAIKAE, HILO, HAWAII, January 23d, 1894.

HON. Wm. G. IRWIN, HONOLULU, H. I.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to yours of 12th inst. regarding the National Cane Shredder furnished by the Universal Mill Co. of New York, and erected by the Hilo Sugar Co. this past season,

I would beg to say, that it has now been in operation day and night during the past three weeks working on plant cane, and also hard ratoon, and it is giving me the greatest satisfaction. The more I see of its capabilities, the better pleased I am that I put it in, as I am satisfied that it will repay the original outlay in a short time, in saving of labor, higher extraction, etc.

It is shredding from 350 to 400 tons of cane every 22 hours with the greatest ease, and it could shred a much larger quantity if necessary. It delivers the shredded cane in an even uniform feed to the three roller mill, which receives it without the intervention of any labor, and as the cane is thoroughly shredded or disintegrated it relieves the mill of a great deal of strain, thus reducing the liability of broken shafts, gearing, etc.

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The Messrs from the shredder, make superior fuel, and the fire in have less difficulty in maintaining a uniform pressure of steam than formerly.

I will be pleased to have a call from parties interested, as it is necessary to see the machine at work to fully appreciate its capabilities.

I remain, very truly yours, (Sig.) JOHN A. SCOTT, Manager Hilo Sugar Co.

Plans for erection of these shredders may be seen at the office of the Agents, where prices and other particulars may also be obtained.

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Special note to proprietors of Trades and Industries.—There is now only room for six or seven firms in the limited space devoted to the representation of Trades and Industries, and a great favor will be conferred if those desirous of inserting theirs between the pages of the beauty spots of the city and those pages assigned to the early efforts of Hawaiian pioneers will call at the publication office.